The Medicine I Need by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

The first time Billy dares to do it in public is in the back row of sixth period English three seats over from Steve Harrington. By this point he's really honed his technique, knows how to keep quiet. He chooses this class on a purpose, a class that he could blow off every fucking day of the year and still pass with flying colors. Billy licks his lips, takes a deep breath as he sets his eyes on the blackboard at the front of the room. Billy rolls his pencil between his fingers as his cock begins to fill out, to thicken up against his thigh.

The Medicine I Need

Author's Note:

> Okay, so while I was on my quest for inspiration for I Cream, You Cream I stumbled across a video of a guy getting himself off in his jeans just by flexing his cock. And it was hot. So I immediately decided that I needed Billy Hargrove to be doing that exact thing in class. So, please have a very naughty Billy jizzing his jeans. Multiple times. You're welcome.
>
> Title has been borrowed from Lana Del Rey's Gods and Monsters. Thank you to hoppnhorn for letting me talk at you about this, haha :P
>
> Unbeta'd as always, please feel free to leave kudos, con-crit, comments, etc. I am SUPER hard into this, so I would be very interested to see who else is into it too <3

The first time Billy dares to do it in public is in the back row of sixth period English three seats over from Steve Harrington. By this point he's really honed his technique, knows how to keep quiet. He chooses this class on a purpose, a class that he could blow off every fucking day of the year and still pass with flying colors. Billy licks his lips, takes a deep breath as he sets his eyes on the blackboard at the front of the room.

Billy rolls his pencil between his fingers as his cock begins to fill out, to thicken up against his thigh. He thinks about the boy across the room, with his stupid hair and his stupid face. Thinks about the heavy looking weight of his balls and cock in the showers after practice, the way the water slips down the soft, smooth skin and drips off the pretty little head. It isn't long before Billy's fully hard in his jeans. He chances a glance to his right at Steve. He looks confused. Which is just stupid as his hair and face, but also achingly endearing.

Billy sucks his bottom lip into his mouth as he gives his cock a flex,

feels it pulse and drag against his jeans. It feels so dirty to be doing in it public. In class. He hunches over his desk, shuffles absently at the papers there as he flexes again. His lips part on a silent moan. He raises his hand to answer questions, as per usual, never one to miss the opportunity to remind everyone else who the smartest person in the room is. He can feel Steve's hard, frustrated gaze on him.

Billy basks in it, uses it, sets a steady, pulsing rhythm. If he were to look down he'd be able to see it, the fat outline of his hard cock moving against his leg. Every heady throb brings him that much closer, but it's the feeling of getting away with murder right beneath everyone's noses that drives Billy over the edge. His toes curl in his boots, knuckles turning white around his pencil as his cock surges, kicks up beneath his jeans and he comes, thick spurts of hot jizz flooding his pants as he works to steady his breath.

No one bats an eye. Except for Steve. Steve, who narrows his gaze at Billy, brows furrowed in suspicion. *What are you up to*, Billy imagines him saying. Billy can feel a single bead of sweat trickle down his temple. His cheeks feel hot. He throws Steve the most annoyed look he can muster. *The fuck you lookin' at*, he mouths. Steve looks away immediately, shifts in his seat and sets his shoulders. But Steve looking at him like that, the thought that maybe Steve had figured out what he'd been doing makes Billy's heart a little bit harder, a little bit faster.

When the bell rings Steve hangs back longer than strictly necessary. Even the teacher's gone by the time he rises from his desk. Billy leans back in his seat, tugs his shirt out of his pants with a cursory glance at the hem. There's the tiniest damp spot at the bottom, but you'd need to be looking for it to notice. He'll have to be more careful next time. Billy rolls his shoulders, ignores the way Steve clears his throat as he stands and tugs his shirt down.

"What's with you today?" Steve asks finally, unable to help himself.

"Nothin'," Billy replies with a shrug, "The fuck you so interested for anyway?"

Steve bristles, cheeks pinking prettily, "I'm not."

"Sure you're not, Pretty Boy."

Steve rolls his eyes with a huff and then he's off. Billy waits a beat, until he's sure Steve is gone before pressing a hand to his damp, softening cock with a little moan. And yeah, he'll definitely have to be more careful next time.

The thing is, Billy has always run hotter than other boys. Always needed a little extra something to get him through the day. But the problem is, once he gets started, he just can't stop. Billy loves getting himself off, loves to see how many times he can make himself come before he runs dry; loves to see how many times he can make himself come dry before he's so oversensitive he can't bear to lay a single finger more on himself.

Billy loves to jerk his cock. Loves to do it rough and dry, his calluses catching on the sensitive skin of his cock. He loves to do it wet with so much lube he soaks his sheets and the only sound he can hear is the filthy squelch of his cock flying through his fist. He loves to shove a big plush pillow between his thighs and ride it, hump it as he clutches at his sheets until he blows his load into the soft blue pillowcase. He loves to gather himself up on all fours and open himself up on his thick fingers, to fuck his hole until his cock is leaking onto the bed below him.

But there's something about *this*. About having such delicious control over his body, enough control to maintain composure on the outside as a fire rages inside him. He loves coming without having to lay a hand on himself. Loves the dirty, messy feel of busting inside his jeans. Loves the feeling of doing it in front of a whole room of unsuspecting voyeurs. Unnoticed, Billy's really been left with no other choice but to do it again.

And so Billy saves it up. Goes to bed hard and wanting the night before. Takes a freezing cold shower to dampen his desire in the morning. Skips his afternoon delight in favor of chain-smoking over the lunch hour. By the time he sinks into his seat in English he's shaking with it, fully hard and throbbing against his zipper. He can tell immediately he's not going to have to work for it. He waits until

the class is settled, until any prying eyes are focused ahead before he shifts forward, elbows braced against his desk as he gives himself a hard flex.

Billy's cock kicks against the tight denim, against the hot crease of his thigh and his lips part soundlessly. He thinks about the way Steve had looked at him the day before. *Flex*. Thinks about the confused little furrow of his brow. *Flex*. Thinks about the way Steve had stood there speaking to him as Billy sat there with his jeans full of cooling jizz. *Flex flex flex*. Thinks about what Steve would think of him if he knew what Billy were doing, just three seats over. *Flex*.

Billy props his chin up on his hand, tilts his head so he can see Steve out of the corner of his eye. Steve is watching him again. *Flex*. Billy drops his free hand, tugs his jacket up and over, just enough that Steve could look, if he wanted to. And he does. His reaction his immediate, his jaw drops, his cheeks flood with color. *Flex flex flex*. Billy is so close. His jeans are already damp with precome. It's been almost 24 hours since he got off. He's going to blow. *Flex*. He's going to make a mess. *Flex*. And Steve is going to watch him do it.

Billy just barely catches a moan between his teeth as his cock pulses hard, the barest tremor running through his shoulders and down his arms as he comes, rope after rope of jizz soaking the inside of his jeans. And the outside of his jeans. Hot, thick come has bubbled it's way through the denim where the sensitive head of his cock continues to pulse, the faded material going from light blue to dark blue to white at the tip. There's no hiding it now, no possible excuse. Billy's leg jerks unexpectedly at the sight, hits his desk. He goes hot all over, heads are turning, they're going to *see*.

Steve shoves his desk so hard it almost tips over onto its side. He has everyone's attention now, even the teacher's. "I don't feel so good. I have to go," is what he says, and it sounds like he means it. The sweat on his brow, the flush on his cheek could easily be mistaken for illness. But Billy knows better. He says a silent prayer for the distraction that Steve has granted him as he slips his binder off his desk and into his lap, adjusts his jacket to hide what he's done. Steve flees from the room, ignoring the whistles and jeers that follow him all the way out.

Billy doesn't see Steve for the rest of the day. Steve doesn't make it to practice and his Bimmer is gone by the time Billy makes his way out to the lot. Billy lays in bed that night, fingers flying over his hard, wet cock as he thinks about the look on Steve's face, the surprise. The desire. Billy comes, shooting up his heaving belly with Steve's name on his lips.

It isn't until the lunch bell rings the following day that Billy sees Steve again. In fact, Steve makes himself pretty hard to miss with the way he catches the collar of Billy's denim jacket between his fingers and pulls.

"No," Steve says softly as students pour out of their classroom and head in the direction of the cafeteria, "You're coming with me."

Billy wants to shove him off, to make a scene. *Nobody tells me what to do*, is on the tip of lips. Except for the fact that he absolutely wants Steve to tell him what to do. Except for the fact that Billy has been getting off to the thought of Steve's hands on him for months and now they're curled into his collar, his knuckles brushing against Billy's throat. Mouth dry, he nods. Steve gives him a tug before releasing him, doesn't even bother looking over his shoulder to make sure that Billy is following. *This is King Steve*, Billy thinks.

Billy's heart hammers in his chest as he follows Steve into the bathroom, as Steve yells at a couple Freshman to get the fuck out, before locking the door behind him. Billy could take Steve in a fight, almost any day of the week. He's not afraid. So why does he feel like it? He almost trips over his own feet as Steve crowds him into one of the stalls. Billy's cock is already fattening up in his jeans. He waits against the dirty, graffitied wall, panting hard.

"You gonna tell me what that shit was yesterday?"

"What shit?" Billy says, because Steve makes him stupid.

"Don't play with me, Billy," Steve growls, poking Billy square in the chest. He lets his finger drop slow, down Billy's sternum, down his belly to the front of his jeans where his cock his throbbing, "I saw

you. You *let me* see you."

"I don't know what the fuck you think you saw, Harrington, but whatever it was must have been your imagination," Billy says, managing to sound a bit more like himself. His words are lacking their usual heat, but it's all he's got.

Steve clicks his tongue as he tilts his head thoughtfully, "Maybe it was. If you're right, I've got a *very* vivid imagination. Almost embarrassed myself."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Blood rushed to my dick so fast I don't even remember how I made it out of the room. But the thing is, I don't think it was my imagination. *I saw you*," Steve says again, "Show me."

Steve steps back, crosses his arms over his chest as Billy tries to remember how to breathe. Billy sucks his bottom lip into his mouth, between his teeth as he focuses his attention downward, gives his cock a flex. Steve's eyes go wide at the sight, at the way Billy's cock continues to fill out as it pulses in his jeans.

"Oh fuck," Steve says, wrecked. Billy's fists curl at his sides as he lets himself look at Steve. As he lets himself look at Steve looking at him. "You can come like this?"

"Uh huh."

"*Jesus Christ*, I didn't know...I mean, I thought maybe I had missed something. Maybe you were touching yourself before, until you got close. But this," Steve says it with such reverence that Billy can't help but moan. He picks up the pace. *Flex flex flex*. Cock pushing and dragging against the rough fabric of his jeans. Billy whines at the way Steve's hand slips down the front of his own body to cup himself. Billy had always known Steve would be a big boy, the showers after practice left very little to the imagination. But Billy had always figured Steve for a shower, not a grower. And certainly not both.

"Fuck, *Steve,*" Billy groans, hips working now, back arching.

"You're close," Steve murmurs knowingly, "Show me what it looks like

when you come."

Who is Billy to deny such a request? His eyes flutter shut on the next flex, body going tense as his cock gives a kick and pulses hard. He can hear Steve gasp as he comes, as hot jizz begins to seep through his jeans. It's not as much as the day before, but the wet warmth of it feels good none the less. Billy forces his eyes open, forces himself to meet Steve's gaze. Steve is swaying on his feet, his long fingers clamped around the thick length of his cock where it strains against his pants.

"God, Billy," Steve moans and Billy can feel his cock give another weak spurt at the sound. Steve drops his hand, takes a slow, careful step toward Billy who is dead weight against the stall wall. Steve reaches out, cups Billy between the legs and runs his thumb along the wet patch, smearing and spreading as Billy whines and hitches into the touch. Steve's so close now that Billy can feel how hard he is against his thigh. He tries to focus, to find himself.

"You want me to give you a hand?" he asks finally, voice low as his fingers creep toward Steve's belt, but Steve catches his hand, holds and squeezes.

"No," Steve says softly, "I want you to teach me."